affliction

as tragedy had struck and struck again
he had not lost the will to live
but lost the will to dream
- and when he found himself
one treading through the best of streets
he would not dare aspire
to live in such a house as those
because he knew that such a thought
would bring disillusionment
- and when he walked by shop displays
he would not gaze
because he knew were he to stare
he'd then compare
and this would sharpen want
- and through this paucity of wish
this strangling of desire
he knew a life devoid of jealousies
and was untouched by envy's sting
although the price he paid would seem too high